



The Old, Old, very Old Man, or Thomas Parr, the Son of John Parr of Winnington, in the Parish of Alberbury, in the County of Shropshire; who was borne in the year 1483, in the Raigne of King Edward the 4th, being Aged, 152 Yeares and odd Monthes, in this year, 1635.



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The Old, Old, Very Old Man:

O R,



The Age and long Life of *Thomas Parr*,
the Son of *John Parr* of *Winnington* in the
Parish of *Alberbury*; in the County of
Salopp, (or *Shropshire*) who was Borne in
the Raigne of King *Edward* the 4th. be-
ing aged 152. yeares and odd
Monethes.

His Manner of Life and Conversation
in so long a Pilgrimage; his Marriages,
and his bringing up to *London* about
the end of *September* last. 1635.

Whereunto is Added a Postscript, shewing
the many remarkable Accidents that
happned in the Life of this *Old Man*.

Written by *IOHN TAYLOR*.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Goffen*, at his Shop on
London Bridge, neere to the Gate.

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TO
THE HIGH AND
MIGHTIE PRINCE,

CHARLES, By the Grace of God,
King of great Britaine, France and
Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.

 *F Subjects (my dread Liege) 'tis manifest,
You have the old'st, the greatest, & the least:
That for an Old, a Great, and Little man,
No kingdom (sure) compare with Britain can;
One, for his extraordinary stature,
Guards well your gates, & by instinct of Nature
(As hee is strong) is Loyall, True, and Just,
Fit, and most able, for his Charge and Trust.
The other's small and well composed feature
Deserves the Title of a Pretty Creature:
And doth (or may) retaine as good a mind
As Greater men, and be as well inclin'd:*

The Epistle.

*Hee may be great in spirit, though small in sight,
Whilst all his best of service, is Delight.*

*The Oldst, your Subject is; but for my use,
I make him here, the Subject of my Muse:*

*And as his Aged Person gain'd the grace,
That where his Sovereign was, to be in place,
And kisse your Royall Hand; I humbly crave,
His Lives Discription may Acceptance have.*

*And as your Majesty hath oft before
Look'd on my Poems; Pray reade this one more.*

Your Majesties

most

Humble Subject

and

Servant,

JOHN TAYLOR.



THE OCCASION OF
this Old Man's being brought out
of *Shropshire* to LONDON.



AS it is impossible for the Sunne to be without light , or fire to have no heate ; so is it undeniable that true Honour is as inseparably addicted to Vertue, as the Steele to the Load-stone ; and without great violence neither the one or the other can be sundred. Which manifestly appeares , in the conveying out of the Countrey, of this poore ancient Man ; Monument I may say, and almost Miracle of Nature.

For the Right Honorable, *Thomas* Earle of *Arundell* and *Surrey*, Earle Marshall of *England*, &c. being lately in *Shropshire* to visit some Lands and Manours which his Lordship holds in that Countrey, or, for some other occasions of Importance, which caused his Lordship to be there. The Report of this Aged Man was certified to his Honour ; who hearing of so remarkable a Piece of Antiquity, his Lordship was pleased to see him,

The very Old Man: or

and in his Innated Noble and Christian Piety, he tooke him into his charitable tuition and protection; Commanding that a Litter and two Horses (for the more easie carriage of a man so enfeebled and worne with Age) to bee provided for him; Also, that a Daughter-in-Law of his (named *Lucye*) should likewise attend him, and have a Horse for her owne riding with him; And (to cheere up the Old Man, and make him merry) there was an Antique-fac'd-fellow, called *Jacke*, or *John the Foole*, with a high and mighty no Beard, that had also a Horse for his cariage. These all were to be brought out of the Cotintrey to *London*, by easie Iourneyes; the Charges being allowed by his Lordship, and likewise one of his Honours owne Servants, named *Brian Kelley*, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of Reckonings and Expences; all which was done accordingly, as followeth.

Winnington is a Hamlet in the Parish of *Alberbury*, nere a place called the *Welsh Poole*, eight miles from *Shrewsbury*, from whence hee was carried to *Wim*, a Town of the Earles aforesaid; and the next day to *Shesnal*, (a Manour House of his Lordships) where they likewise staid one night; from *Shesnal* they came to *Woolverhampton*, and the next day to
Brimicham.

The Life of Thomas Parr.

Brimicham, from thence to *Coventry*; and although Master *Kelley* had much to do to keepe the people off that pressed upon him in all places where hee came, yet at *Coventry* he was most oppressed: for they came in such multitudes to see the Old Man, that those that defended him, were almost quite tyred and spent, and the aged man in danger to have bin stifled; and in a word, the rabble were so unruly, that *Bryan* was in doubt hee should bring his Charge no further; (so greedy are the Vulgar to hearken to, or gaze after novelties.) The trouble being over, the next day they past to *Darventry*, to *stony Stratford*, to *Redburn*, and so to *London*, where he is well entertain'd and accomodated with all things, having all the aforesaid Attendants, at the sole Charge and Cost of his Lordship.

One Remarkable Passage of the Old Mans Pollicie must not be omitted or forgotten, which is thus.

His three Leases of 63. yeares being expired, he tooke his last Lease of his Landlord (one Master *John Porter*) for his Life, with which Lease, he hath lived more then 50. yeares (as is further hereafter declared;) but this Old Man would (for his wives sake) renew his Lease for yeares, which his Landlord would not consent unto; wherfore old *Parr*, (having been long blind) sitting in his chaire by

The very Old Man : or

the fire, his wife look'd out of the window, and perceiv'd Master *Edward Porter*, the Son of his landlord, to come towards their house, which she told her husband, saying, Husband, our young Landlord is comming hither: Is he so, said old *Parr*; I prethee wife lay a Pin on the ground neere my foot, or at my right toe; which, she did; and when yong Master *Porter* (yet forty yeares old) was come into the house, after salutations between them, the Old Man said, Wife, is not that a Pin which lyes at my foot? Truly husband, quoth she, it is a Pin indeed, so she took up the Pin, and Master *Porter* was halfe in a maze that the Old Man had recovered his sight againe; but it was quickly found to be a witty conceit, therby to have them to suppose him to be more lively than he was, because hee hop'd to have his Lease renew'd for his wives sake, as aforesaid.


Hee hath had two Children by his first wife, a Son and a Daughter, the Boyes name was *John*, and lived but ten weekes; the Girle was named *Joan*, and shee lived but three weeks. So that it appeares hee hath out-lived the most part of the people that are living neere there, three times over.

The

The Very Old Man:

OR,

The Life of *Thomas Parr*.

 N Old man's twice a child (the proverb saies)
And many old men nere saw halfe his daies
Of whom I write; for hee at first had life,
When *York* and *Lancasters* Domestique strife
In her owne blood had factious *England* drench'd,
Vntill sweet Peace those civil flames had quench'd.
When as fourth *Edwards* raigne to end drew nigh,
John Parr (a man that liv'd by Husbandry)
Begot this *Thomas Parr*, and borne was Hee
The yeare of fourteen hundred eighty three. . 1483
And as his Fathers Living and his Trade,
Was Plough, and Cart, Sithe, Sickle, Bill, and Spade;
The Harrow, Mattock, Flayle, Rake, Fork, & Goad,
And Whip, and how to Load, and to Vnload;
Old *Tom* hath shew'd himselfe the Son of *John*,
And from his Fathers function hath not gone.

Yet I have read of as meane Pedigrees,
That have attain'd to Noble dignities:
Agathocles, a Potters Son, and yet
The Kingdome of *Sicilia* hee did get.

The very Old Man: or

Great *Tamberlaine*, a Scythian Shepherd was,
Yet (in his time) all Princes did surpasse.

First *Ptolomey* (the King of *Aegypts* Land)

A poore mans Son of *Alexanders* Band.

Dioclesian, Emperour, was a Scriveners Son,

And *Proba* from a Gard'ner th' Empire won.

Pertinax was a Bondmans Son, and wan

The Empire; So did *Valentinian*,

Who was the off-spring of a Rope-maker,

And *Maximinus* of a Mule-driver.

And if I on the truth doe rightly glance,

Hugh Capet was a Butcher, King of *France*.

By this I have digrest, I have exprest

Promotion comes not from the East or West.

So much for that, now to my Theame againe:

20 This *Thomas Parr* hath liv'd th' expired Raigne

Of ten great Kings and Queenes; th' eleventh now

The Scepter, (blest by th' ancient of all days) (sways

Hee hath surviv'd the *Edwards*, fourth and fift;

And the third *Richard*, who made many a shift

To place the Crowne on his Ambitious head;

The seventh & eighth brave *Henries* both are dead,

Sixt *Edward*, *Mary*, *Phillip*, *Elisabeth*,

And blest remembred *James*, all these by death

Have changed life, and almost 'leven yeares since

The happy raigne of *Charles* our gracious Prince,

The Life of Thomas Parr.

Tom Parr hath liv'd, as by Record appears
Nine Monthes, one hundred fifty, and two yeares.
Amongst the Learn'd, 'tis held in generall
That every seventh year's Climactericall,
And dang'rous to mans life, and that they be
Most perillous at th' Age of sixty three,
Which is, nine Climactericals; but this Man
Of whom I write, (since first his life began)
Hath liv'd of Climactericals such plenty,
That he hath almost out-liv'd two and twenty.
For by Records, and true Certificate,
From *Scrippsier* late, Relations doth relate,
That Hee liv'd 17 yeares with *John* his Father,
And 18 with a Master, which I gather
To be full thirty five; his Sires decease
Left him foure yeares Possion of a Lease;
Which past, *Lewis Porter* Gentleman, did then
For twenty one yeares grant his Lease agen;
That Lease expir'd, the Son of *Lewis* call'd *John*,
Let him the like Lease, and that time being gone,
Then *Hugh*, the Son of *John* (last nam'd before)
For one and twenty yeares sold one Lease more.
And lastly, he hath held from *John*, *Hugh's* Son,
A Lease for's life these fifty yeares, out-run:
And till old *Thomas Parr*, to Earth againe
Returne, the last Lease must his owne remaine.

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Thus

The very Old Man : or

Thus having shew'd th'extention of his Age,
P^e shew some Actions of his Pilgrimage.

A tedious time a Batchelour hee carried,
Full eightie yeares of age before he married:
His Continence, to question P^e not call,
Mans frailtie's weake, and oft doth slip and fall.
No doubt but hee in fourscore yeares might find
In *Salop's Countie*, females faire and kind :
But what have I to doe with that ; let passe,
At th'age aforesaid hee first married was
To *Iane*, *Iohn Taylors* Daughter; and 'tis said,
That she (before he had her) was a Mayd.
With her he liv'd yeares three times ten and two ,
And then she dy'd (as all good wives will doe.)
She dead, he ten yeares did a Widdower stay ;
Then once more ventred in the Wedlock way :
And in affection to his first wife *Iane*,
Hee tooke another of that name againe ;
(With whom he now doth live) she was a widow
To one nam'd *Anthony* (and surnam'd *Adda*)
She was (as by report it doth appeare)
Of *Gillsels* Parish, in *Mountgom'ry-shiire*,
The Daughter of *Iohn Lloyde* (corruptly *Flood*)
Of ancient house, and gentle *Cambrian* Blood.

But hold, I had forgot, in's first wives Time,
Hee frayly, foully, fell into a Crime,

Which

The Life of Thomas Parr.

Which richer, poorer, older men, and younger,
More base, more noble, weaker men, and stronger
Have falne into.
The *Cythrean*, or the *Paphaean* game,
That thundring *Iupiter* did oft inflame;
Most cruell cut-throat *Mars* layd by his Armes,
And was a slave to Loves Inchanting charmes,
And many a Pagan god, and semi-god,
The common road of lustfull love hath trod:
For from the Emp'rour to the russet Clowne,
All states, each sex, from Cottage to the Crowne,
Have in all Ages since the first Creation,
Bin soyled, & overthrowen with Loves temptation:
So was old *Thomas*, for he chanc'd to spy
A Beauty, and Love entred at his eye,
Whose pow'rfull motion drew on sweet consent,
Consent drew Action, Action drew Content,
But when the period of those joyes were past,
Those sweet delights were sorely sauc'd at last.
The flesh retaines, what in the Bone is bred,
And one Colts tooth was then in old *Toms* head;
It may be he was guld as some have bin,
And suffred punishment for others sinne;
For pleasures like a Trap, a grin, or snare,
Or (like a painted harlot) seems most faire;
But when she goes away, and takes her leave,
No ugly Beast so foul a shape can have.

Fair

The very Old Man: or

Faire *Katherin Milton*, was this Beauty bright,
(Faire like an Angel, but in weight too light)
Whose fervent feature did inflame so far
The Ardent fervour of old *Thomas Parr*,
That for Lawes satisfaction, 'twas thought meet,
He should be purg'd, by standing in a Sheet,
Which aged (He) one hundred and five yeare,
In *Alberbury's* Parish Church did weare.
Should All that so offend, such Pennance doe,
Oh, what a price would Linnen rise unto,
All would be turn'd to sheets, our shirts & smocks
Our Table linnen, very Porters Frocks
Would hardly scape transforming, but all's one,
He suffred, and his Punishment is done.

But to proceed, more serious in Relation,
He is a Wonder, worthy Admiration,
Hee's (in these times fill'd with Iniquity)
No *Antiquary*, but *Antiquity*;
For his Longevity's of such extent,
That hee's a living mortall Monument.
And as high Towres, that seeme the sky to shoul-
By eating Time, consume away, and molder, (der)
Vntill at last in piece meale they doe fall;
Till they are buried in their Ruines All:
So this Old Man, his limbs their strength have left,
His teeth all gone, (but one) his sight bereft,

His

The Life of Thomas Parr.

His sinewes shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,
Small solace, Imperfections manifold :
Yet still his sp'rits possesse his mortall Trunk ;
Nor are his senses in his ruines shrunk,
But that his Hearing's quicke, his stomacke good,
Hee'l feed well, sleep well, well digest his food.
Hee will speake heartily, laugh, and be merry ;
Drinke Ale, and now and then a cup of Sherry ;
Loves Company, and Vnderstanding talke,
And (on both sides held up) will sometimes walk.
And though old Age his face with wrinckles fill,
He hath been handsome, and is comely still,
Well fac'd, and though his Beard not oft corrected,
Yet neate it growes, not like a Beard neglected,
From head to heele, his body hath all over,
A Quick-set, Thick-set nat'rall hairy cover.
And thus (as my dull weake Invention can)
I have Annatomiz'd this poore Old Man.

Though Age be incident to most transgressing,
Yet Time well spent, makes Age to be a blessing.
And if our studies would but daign to look,
And seriously to ponder Natures Booke,
We there may read, that Man, the noblest Creature,
By ryot and excesse doth murder Nature.
This man nere fed on deare compounded dishes,
Of Metamorphos'd beasts, fruits, fowls, and fishes,

The very Old Man: or

The earth, and ayre, the boundlesse Ocean
Were never rak'd nor forrag'd for this Man;
Nor ever did Physician to (his cost)
Send purging Physick through his guts in post:
In all his life time he was never knowne,
That drinking others healths, he lost his owne;
The *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Greek*, and *Spanish* Grape,
Vpon his reason never made a Rape;
For *Ryt*, is for *Troy* an Annagram;
And *Ryot* wasted *Troy*, with sword and flame:
And surely that which will a Kingdome spill,
Hath much more power one silly man to kill,
Whilst sensuality the Pallat pleases,
The body's fill'd with surfets, and diseases;
By *Ryot* (more than War) men slaughter'd be,
From which confusion this Old Man is free.
He once was catch'd in the Venerall Sin,
And (being punish'd) did experience win,
That carefull feare his Conscience so did strike,
He never would againe attempt the like.
Which to our understandings may expresse
Mens dayes are shortned through lasciviousnesse,
And that a competent contenting Dyer
Makes men live long, and soundly sleepe in quiet.
Mistake me not, I speake not to debar
Good fare of all sorts; for all Creatures are

Made

The Life of Thomas Parr.

Made for mans use, and may by Man be us'd,
Not by voracious Gluttony abus'd.
For hee that dares to scandall or deprave
Good hous-keeping; Oh hang up such a Knave,
Rather commend (what is not to be found)
Then injure that w^{ch} makes the world renownd.
Bounty hath got a spice of *Lethargie*,
And liberall noble *Hospitality*
Lyes in consumption, almost pin'd to death,
And *Charity* benum'd, neere out of Breath.
May *Englands* few good hous-keepers be blest
With endlesse Glory, and eternall Rest;
And may their Goods, Lands, and their happy Seed
With heavⁿs best Blessings multiply and breed.
'Tis madnesse to build heigh with stone and lime,
Great houses, that may seeme the Clouds to clime,
With spacious Halls, large Galleries, brave roomes
Fit to receive a King, Peeres, Squires and Groomes;
Amongst which rooms, the devill hath put a Witch
And made a small *Tobacco-box* the Kitchen; (in,
For *Coreton*snesse the Mint of Mischiefe is,
And *Christian Bounty* the High-way to Blisse.
To weare a Farm in shoo-strings edg'd with gold,
And spangled Garters worth a Coppy hold:
A hose and dublet, which a Lordship cost,
A gawdy cloake (three Manours price almost)

The very Old Man: or

A Beaver, Band, and Feather for the head,
(Priz'd at the Churches tythe, the poor mans bread)
For which the Wearers are fear'd, and abhorr'd
Like *Ieroboams* golden *Calves* ador'd.

This double, treble aged man, I wot,
Knowes and remembers when these things were
Good wholsome labour was his exercise, (not;
Down wth the Lamb, & with the Lark would rise,
In myre and toying sweat hee spent the day,
And (to his Teame) hee whistled Time away:
The *Cock* his night-Clock, and till day was done,
His Watch, and chiefe *Sun-Diall*, was the *Sun*.
Hee was of old *Pithagoras* opinion, (onion)
That greene cheese was most wholsome (with an
Course Mesclin bread, and for his daily swig,
Milk, Butter-milk, and Water, Whay, and Whig;
Sometimes Metheglin, and by fortune happy,
Hee sometimes sip't a Cup of Ale most nappy,
Syder, or Perry, when hee did repaire.
T'a Whitson Ale, Wake, Wedding, or a Faire,
Or when in Christmas time hee was a Guest
At his good Land-lords house amongst the rest:
Else hee had little leasure Time to waste,
Or (at the Alehouse) huffe-cap Ale to taste.
Nor did hee ever hunt a Taverne Fox,
Nere knew a Coach, Tobacco, or the Pox;

His

The Life of Thomas Parr.

His Physick was good Butter, which the Soyle
Of *Salop* yields, more sweet than *Candy* oyle,
And *Garlick* hee esteem'd above the rate
Of *Venice-Triacle*, or best *Mithridate*.
Hee entertain'd no *Gow*, nor *Worm*, nor *Scab*,
The *Acire* was good, and *stump* was where hee dwelt,
Which *Moult*, and *Wrest* to *gold* *Nightingales*
Did chase him *Round* *delays*, and *Wrest* to *gold*.

Thus living within bounds of Nature's Lawes,
Of his long lasting life may be some cause.
For though th' almighty, all man's daies do measure,
And doth dispose of life and death at pleasure,
Yet Nature being wrong'd, man's daies and date
May be abridg'd, and God may tolerate.

But had the Father of this *Thomas Parr*,
His Grand-father, and his Great-grand-father,
Had their lives threds so long a length been spun,
They (by succession) might from Sire to Son
Have been unwritten Chronicles, and by
Tradition shew Times mutability.
Then *Parr* might say he heard his Father well,
Say that his Grand-sire heard his Father tell
The death of famous *Edward* the Confessor,
(*Harrold*) and *William* Conquerour his successor;
How his Son *Robert* won *Ierusalem*,
Ore-came the *Sarazens*, and Conquer'd them.

The very Old Man: or

How *Rufus* raig'n'd, and's Brother *Henry* next,
And how usurping *Steu'n* this Kingdome vext:
How *Maud* the Empress (the first *Henries* daughter)
To gaine her Right, fill'd *England* full of slaughter:
Of second *Henry's* *Resamond* the faire,
Of *Richard* *Coeur-de-lion* his brave heire,
King John, and of the foule suspicion
Of *Arthurs* death, *Johns* elder Brothers Son.
Of the third *Henrie's* long raigne (sixty yeares)
The Barons wars, the losse of wrangling Peeres,
How *Long-shanks* did the *Scots* & *French* convince,
Tam'd *Wales*, and made his hapleson their Prince.
How second *Edward* was *Carnarvon* call'd,
Beaten by *Scots*, and by his Queen inthrall'd.
How the third *Edward*, fifty yeares did raigne,
And t'honor'd *Garters* Order did ordaine.
Next how the second *Richard* liv'd and dy'd,
And how fourth *Henries* faction did divide
The Realme with civill (most uncivill) war
Twixt long contending *Torke* and *Lancaster*.
How the fift *Henry* swayd, and how his son
Sixt *Henry*, a sad Pilgrimage did run.
Then of fourth *Edward*, and faire *Mistrisse Shore*,
King Edwards Conenbine Lord *Hastings* (—)
Then how fift *Edward*, murdered with a trick
Of the third *Richard*, and then how that *Dick*

Was

The Life of Thomas Parr.

Was by seventh *Henries* slaine at *Bosworth* field :
How he and's son th' eighth *Henry*, here did wield
The Scepter; how sixt *Edward* swayd,
How *Mary* rul'd, and how that royall *Mayd*
Elizabeth did Gouverne (best of Dames)
And *Phenix*-like expir'd, and how just *James*
(Another *Phenix*) from her Ashes claimes
The right of *Britaines* Scepter, as his owne,
But (changing for a better) left the Crowne
Where now 'tis, with King *Charles*, and may it be
With him, and his most blest Posterity
Till time shall end; be they on Earth renown'd,
And after with Eternity be crown'd. (ding)
Thus had *Parr* had good breeding, (without ree-
Hee from his fire, and Grand fires fire proceeding,
By word of mouth might tell most famous things
Done in the Raigns of all those Queens and Kings.
But hee in Husbandry hath bin brought up,
And nere did taste the *Helliconian* cup,
He nere knew History, nor in mind did keepe
Ought, but the price of Corne, Hay, Kine, or Sheep.
Day found him work, and Night allowd him rest
Nor did Affaires of State his braine molest.
His high'st Ambition was, A tree to lop,
Or at the furthest to a May-poles top,
His Recreation, and his Minths discourse
Hath been the *Pyper*, and the *Hobby-hors*. And

The very Old Man : or

And in this simple sort, hee hath with paine,
From Childhood liv'd to bee a Child againe.

'Tis strange, a man that is in yeares so growne
Should not be rich; but to the world 'tis knowne,
That hee that's borne in any Land, or Nation,
Vnder a Twelve-pence Planet's Domination,
(By working of that Planets influence)
Shall never live to be worth thirteene pence.
Whereby (although his Learning cannot show it)
Hee's rich enough to be (like mee) a Poet.

But ere I doe conclude, I will relate
Of reverend Age's Honourable state;
Where shall a young man good Instructions have,
But from the Ancient, from Experience grave?

Roboam, (Sonne and Heire to *Solomon*)

Rejecting ancient Counsell, was undone
Almost; for ten of the twelve Tribes fell
To *Jeroboam* King of *Israel*.

And all wise Princes, and great Potentates
Select and chuse Old men, as Magistrates,
Whose Wisedome, and whose reverend Aspect,
Knowes how and when to punish or protect.

The Patriarkes long lives before the Flood,
Were given them (as 'tis rightly understood)
To store and multiply by procreations,
That people should inhabit and breed Nations.

That

The Life of Thomas Parr.

That th'Ancients their Posterities might show
The secrets Deepe of Nature, how to know
To scale the skie with learn'd *Astronomy*,
And sound the *Oceans* deepe profundity;
But chiefly how to serve, and to obey
God, who did make them out of slime and clay;
Should men live now, as long as they did then,
The Earth could not sustaine the Breed of Men.
Each man had many wives, which Bigamie,
Was such increase to their Posterity,
That one old man might see before he dy'd,
That his owne only off-spring had supply'd
And Peopled Kingdomes.
But now so brittle's the estate of man,
That (in Comparison) his life's a span.
Yet since the Flood it may be proved plaine,
That many did a longer life retaine,
Than him I write of; for *Arpachshad* liv'd
Foure hundred thirty eight, *Shelah* surviv'd
Foure hundred thirty three yeares, *Eber* more,
For he liv'd twice two hundred sixty foure.
Two hundred yeares *Terah* was alive,
And *Abr'ham* liv'd one hundred seventy five.
Before *Iob's* Troubles, holy writ relates,
His sons and daughters were at marriage states,
And after his restoring, 'tis most cleare,

D

That

The very Old Man: or

That he surviv'd one hundred forty yeare.

John Buttadeus (if report be true)

Is his name that is stil'd, *The Wandring Jew*,

'Tis said, he saw our Saviour dye; and how

He was a man then, and is living now;

Whereof Relations you (that will) may read;

But pardon me, 'tis no part of my Creed.

Vpon a *Germanes* Age, 'tis written thus,

That one *Iohannes de Temporibus*

Was Armour-bearer to brave *Charlemaigne*,

And that unto the age he did attaine

Of yeares three hundred sixty one, and then

Old *John of Times* return'd to Earth agen.

And Noble *Nestor*, at the siege of *Troy*,

Had liv'd three hundred yeares both Man and boy.

Sir *Walter Rawleigh* (a most learned Knight)

Doth of an *Irish* Countesse, *Desmond*, write,

Of seven score yeares of Age, he with her spake:

The Lord Saint *Albanes* doth more mention make

That she was Married in Fourth *Edwards* raigne,

Thrice shed her Teeth, which three times came a-

The *High-land Scots* and the *Wilde-Irish* are (gaine.

Long liv'd with Labour hard, and temperate fare.

Amongst the Barbarous *Indians* some live strong

And lusty, neere two hundred winters long?

So as I said before, my Verse now sayes

By wronging Nature, men cut off their dayes.

Therefore.

The Life of Thomas Parr.

Therefore (as Times are) He I now write on,
The age of all in *Britane* hath out gone;
All those that were alive when he had Birth,
Are turn'd againe unto their mother earth,
If any of them live, and doe replye,
I will be sorry, and confesse I lye.
For had he bin a *Marchant*, then perhaps
Stormes, Thunderclaps, or feare of Afterclaps,
Sands, Rocks, or Roving Pyrats, Gusts and stormes
Had made him (long ere this) the food of worms;
Had he a *Mercer*, or a *Silk-man* bin,
And trusted much in hope great gaine to win,
And late and early striv'd to get or save,
His Gray head long ere now had been i'th Grave.
Or had he been a *Iudge* or *Magistrate*,
Or of Great Counsell in Affaires of state
Then dayes important businesse, and nights cares
Had long ere this, Interr'd his hoary haire:
But as I writ before, no cares opprest him,
Nor ever did Affaires of State molest him.
Some may object, that they will not believe
His Age to be so much, for none can give
Account thereof, Time being past so far,
And at his Birth there was no Register.
The Register was ninty seven yeares since
Giv'n by th'eight *Henry* (that Illustrious Prince)

The very Old Man: or

That he surviv'd one hundred forty yeare.
Iohn Buttadeus (if report be true)
Is his name that is stil'd, *The Wandring Iew*,
'Tis said, he saw our Saviour dye; and how
He was a man then, and is living now;
Whereof Relations you (that will) may reade;
But pardon me, 'tis no part of my Creed.
Vpon a *Germanes* Age, 'tis written thus,
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The very Old Man: or

Th'yeare fifteene hundred fourty wanting twaine)
And in the thirtieth yeare of that Kings raigne ;
So old *Parr* now, was almost an old man ,
Neere sixty ere the Register began.
I have writ as much as Reason can require,
How Times did passe, how's Leases did expire ;
And Gentlemen oth County did Relate
T^o our gracious King by their Certificate (him ;
His age, & how time wth gray haire hath crown'd
And so I leave him older than I found him.

A Poscript.

THe changes of Manners, the variations of Customes, the mutability of Times, the shiftings of Fashions, the alterations of Religions, the diversities of Sects, and the intermixture of Accidents which hath hapned since the Birth of this old *Thomas Parr*, in this Kingdom; although all of them are not to be held worthy of mentioning, yet many of them are worthy to be had in memory.

In the sixt yeare of his Age, and in the second yeare of the raigne of King *Henry* the seventh, one *Lambert Simnell*, (the Son of a Baker) claimed the Crowne, and was crowned King of *Ireland*, and Proclaimed King of *England* in the Citie of *Dublin*: This Paltry fellow did put the King to much cost and trouble, for hee landed with an Army at *Fowdrey* in *Lancashiere*, and at a place called *Stoke*, the King met him, and after a sharpe and short Battell, overcame and tooke him, and pardoning him his Life, gave him a Turn-broaches place in the Kitchen, and afterwards made him one of his Faulconers.
Anno. 1487.

In the tenth yeare of his Age, and the eighth of *Henry* the seventh another Yongster, whose name was *Perken Warbeck* (as some write, a Tinkers Son in *Townmay*) some say his Father was a Jew; notwithstanding,

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standing, he likewise put the King to much charge and trouble, for he was assisted with Souldiers from *Scotland* and *France*; besides, many joynd with him in *England*, till at the last, the King tooke him, and (on his true Confession, pardon'd him) hee falling againe to his old Practice, was executed at *Tyburne*. 1499.

The same yeare also, a Shoemakers Son, dwelling in *Bishopsgate-street*, likewise claimed the Crowne, under the name of *Edward*, Earle of *Warwick*, the Son of *George*, Duke of *Clarence*, Brother to King *Edward* the fourth; but this young Shoemaker ended his claime in a halter at *Saint Thomas a Waterings*; which was a warning for him, not to surpasse *Ne Sutor Ultra Crepidam*.

Another Counterfeit, the Son of a Miller claimed the Crowne, (in the second yeare of *Queene Maries* raigne) saying that hee was King *Edward* the sixt; but the tenth of *May*, 1552, those Royall Opinions were whip'd out of him for a while, till hee fell to his old claime agen, and purchas'd a hanging the thirteenth of *March* following. So much for Impostures and Counterfeits.

For Religion, hee hath knowne the Times of divers Sects and Changes, as the Romish Catholick Religion from his Birth, till the 24 yeare of King *Henry* the eight, the time of 50 yeares: And then the 26 of his raigne (the Kings understanding being Illuminated from above) hee cast the Popes Authority out of this Kingdome, 1534, and restored the Ancient and Primitive Religion, which continued under the Title of *Protestants*, till the end of his Son, King *Edward* the sixt his raign, which was neer about 20 yeares, then was a bloody alteration, or return to Papistry for more than 5 yeares, all the raign of *Queen Mary*; since whose death, the Protestant Religion again was happily restored, continued, and maintained by the Defenders of the True, Ancient, Catholike, and Apostolike Faith, these 66 yeares and more, under the blessed Governments of *Queene Elizabeth*, King *James*, and King *Charles*. All which time, *Thomas Parr* hath not been troubled in mind for either the building or throwing downe of Abbeys, and Religious Houses; nor did hee ever murmur at the manner of Prayers, let them be Latin or English, hee held it safest to be of the Religion of the King or *Queene* that were in being; for he knew that hee came raw into the world, and accounted it no point of Wisdome to be broyled out of it: His name was never questioned for affirming or denying the Kings Supremacie: He hath known the

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time when men were ſo mad as to kneele downe and pray before a Blocke, a Stock, a Stone, a Picture, or a Relique of a Hee or Shee Saint departed; and he liv'd in a time when mad men would not bow their knee at the name of *Ieſus*; that are more afraid to ſee a white Surpliſſe, than to weare a white Sheet; that deſpiſe the Croſſe (in any thing but money) that hold Latin to be the language of the Beaſt, and hate it deadly becauſe the Pope ſpeaks it; that would patch up a Religion with untemper'd Morter, out of their owne Braines, not grounded upon the true Corner-ſtone; who are furniſh'd with a lazy idle *Faiſh*; that holds good workes a maine Point of Popery; that hold their Religion trueſt, becauſe it is contrary to all Order and Diſcipline, both of Church and Common-wealth: Theſe are ſprung up ſince old *Tom Parr* was borne.

But he hath out-liv'd many Sectaries and Heretikes. For in the 32 yeare of the raigne of King *Henry* the eighth, 1540. the 3 of *May*, three Annabaptiſts were burnt in the High-way, between *Southwark* and *Newington*. In the fourth yeare of King *Edward* the ſixt, one *George of Paris*, a Dutchman, was burn'd in *Smithfield*, for being an Arian Heretike, 1551. 1583, One *John Lewis* denied the God-head of Chriſt, was burnt at *Norwich*, in the 26 yeare of *Elizabeth*. Not long before that, there was one *Ione Butcher* (Alias) *Ione of Kent*, burnt for the like.

In the third yeare of *Queene Elizabeth's* raigne, one *William Geffrey* affirmed one *John Moore* to be Chriſt, but they were both whip'd out of that preſumptuous Opinion, 1561.

In the 17 of *Queene Elizabeth*, the Sect of the Family of Love began 1575, but it tooke no deep root.

In the 21 of *Queene Elizabeth*, one *Mathew Hamont* was burn'd at *Norwich* for denying Chriſt to be our Saviour.

In the 33 of *Queene Elizabeth*, one *William Hacket* was hang'd for profeſſing himſelfe to be Chriſt, 1591.

In the 9 yeare of king *James*, the 11 of *April*, 1611, one *Edward Wightman* was burn'd at *Liſchfield* for Arianisme.

So much have I written concerning Sects and Hereſies which have beene in this Kingdome in his time, now I treat of ſome other Paſſages.

Hee hath out-liv'd ſix great Plagues. Hee was borne long before we had much uſe of Printing: for it was brought into this Kingdome

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dome 1472, and it was long after ere it was in use.

Hee was above 80 yeares old before any Gunnes were made in England, 1535.

The Vintoners sold no Sacks, Muscadels, Malmseys, Bastards, Allegants, nor any other Wines but White and Claret, till the 33 yeare of King *Henry* the eight 1543, and then was Old *Parr* 60 yeares of age: all those sweet Wines were sold till that time at the Apothecaries for no other use, but for Medicines.

There was no Starch used in England. A *Flaunders* woman, one *Mistris Dinghen Vanden Plasse* brought in the use of Starch, 1564: and then was this man neere 80 yeares old.

There were no Bands worne till King *Henry* the eights time; for hee was the first King that ever wore a Band in England, 1513.

Womens Masques, Busks, Muffes, Fannes, Periwigs, and Boddies, were invented by *Italian* Curtezans, and transported through France into England, in the ninth of *Queene Elizabeth*.

Tobacco was first brought into England by Sir *Iohn Hawkins*, 1565, but it was first brought into use by Sir *Walter Rawleigh* many yeares after.

He was 81 yeares old before there was any Coach in England: for the first that ever was seene here, was brought out of the *Netherlands*, by one *William Boonen*, a *Dutch-man*, who gave a Coach to *Queen Elizabeth*, (for she had been seven yeares a Queen before she had any Coach) since when, they have increased (with a mischiefe) and rui'nd all the best House-keeping, to the undoing of the Watermen, by the multitudes of Hackney or hired Coaches: but they never swarmed so thick to pester the streets, as they doe now, till the yeare 1605, and then was the Gun-powder Treason hatch'd, and at that time did the Coaches breed and multiply.

He hath out-liv'd the Fashion, at least 40 times over and over.

He hath known many Changes of Scarcity (or Dearth) and Plentie: but I will speake onely of the Plentie.

In the yeare 1499, the 15 of *Henry* 7, Wheat was sold for 4. s. the quarter, or 6. d. the bushell, and Bay salt at 4. d. and Wine at 40 shillings the Tun, (which is about three farthings the quart)

In the first of *Queen Mary*; Beere was sold for sixpence the Barrell, (the Caske and all) and three great loaves for one penny.

In the yeare 1557, the fifth of *Queen Mary*, the Penny Wheaten loafe

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Loafe was in weight, 56 ounces, and in many places people would change a Bushell of Corne for a Pound of Candles.

So much shall suffice for the declaring of some Changes and Alterations that have hapned in his time.

Now for a Memoriall of his Name, He gave a little touch. I will not search for the Antiquity of the name of *Parr*, but I find it to be an Honorable name in the 12 yeare of King *Edward* the fourth, the King sent Sir *William Parr* Knight, to cease upon the Archbishop of *Torky* Goods, at a place called the *More*, in *Hartfordshire*, 1472: this Sir *William Parr* was Knight of the Right Honourable Order of the *Garter*.

In the 22 of *Edward* the fourth, the same Sir *William Parr* went with an Army towards *Scotland*, with *Richard* Duke of *Gloster*.

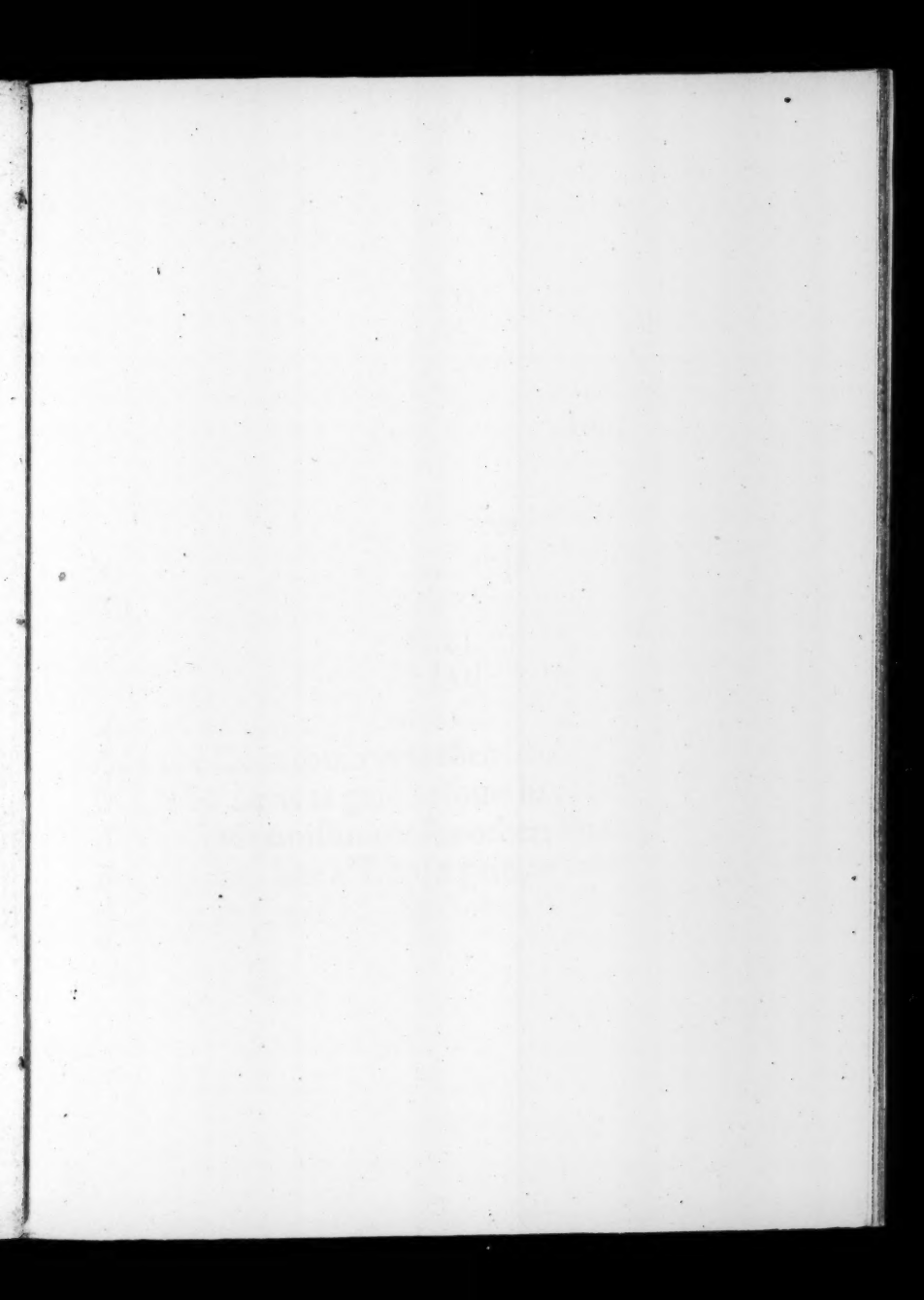
In the yeare 1543, the 35 yeare of King *Henry* the eight, *July* 22, the King was married to Lady *Katherin Parr*, and the 24 of *Decem*. following, the Queenes Brother, *William* Lord *Parr*, was created Earle of *Essex*, and Sir *William Parr* their Vncle was made Lord *Parr* of *Horron*, and Chamberlaine to the Queene, and the first of King *Edward* the sixt, *William Parr*, Earle of *Essex* was created Marquesse of *Northampton*; and in the 4 yeare of King *Edwards* raigne 1550, the said Marquesse was made Lord Great Chamberlaine of *England*, and on the last of *Aprill*, 1552, hee (amongst other Lords) Mustred 100 brave well appointed Horsmen of his owne charge before King *Edward* in the Park at *Greenwich* (his Cognisance or Crest being the *Maidenhead*) in the first of Queene *Mary* hee tooke part with the Lady *Iane* against the Queen, for which he was taken and committed to the Tower, *July* 26, and (contrary to expectation) released againe shortly after, *March* 24.

Also the first of Queene *Elizabeth*, *William Parr*, Marquesse of *Northampton* sate in *Westminster Hall*, Lord High Steward, upon a Tryall of *William* Lord *Wentworth*, (who had been late Lord Deputy of *Cales*; which noble Lord *Wentworth*, came off most Honourably acquitted, *Aprill* 22.

After the death of King *Henry* the eight, Queene *Katherin Parr* was married to Sir *Thomas Sejmor*, Lord High Admirall, and she dyed the 2 of *September*, 1548.

And thus I lay downe the Pen, leaving it to whomsoever can, or will make more of this *Old Man*, than I have

DONE.





*Thomas Parr, the Old, very Old Man, or Thomas Parr, the
Witch of Winington, in the Parish of
St. Martin, in the County of Shropshire, who was born
in the year 1483, in the Reign of King Edward
the Fourth, and died in the year 1535.*

The Old, Old, Very Old Man:

O R,

The Age and long Life of *Thomas Parr*,
the Son of *John Parr* of *Wimington* in the
Parish of *Alberbury*; in the County of
Salopp. (or *Shropshire*) who was Borne in
the Raigne of King *Edward the 4th*. be-
ing aged 152. yeares and odd
Monethes.

His Manner of Life and Conversation
in so long a Pilgrimage; his Marriages,
and his bringing up to *London* about
the end of *September* last. 1635.

Whereunto is Added a Postscript, shewing
the many remarkable Accidents that
happned in the Life of this *Old Man*.

Written by *JOHN TAYLOR*.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Goffen*, at his Shop
London Bridge, neere to the Gate.

1635.

The Old
Very Old Man

The Age and long Life of Thomas
the Son of John Parr of Warrington in the
Parish of Albury; in the County of
Salisbury (or Sarumshire) who was born in
the Reign of King Edward the 3^d. be-
ing aged 120 years and odd
Months.

The Manner of Life and Conversation
in so long a Pilgrimage; his Marriage
and his bringing up to London about
the end of September last. 1637.
Whereunto is Added a Postscript, shewing
the many remarkable Accidents that
happened in the Life of the said man.


Written by JOHN TAYLOR.

LONDON.

Printed for Henry Gouge, at his Shop
London Printed, 1637.

TO
**THE HIGH AND
MIGHTIE PRINCE,**

CHARLES, By the Grace of God,
King of great Britaine, France, and
Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.

 *Y* Subjects (my dread Liege) thus manifest
You have the oldst, the greatest, & the least
That for an Old, a Great, and Little man,
No kingdom (sure) compare with Britain can
One, for his extraordinary stature,
Guards well your gates, & by instinct of Nature
(As bee is strong) is Loyall, True, and Just,
Fit, and most able, for his Charge and Trust.
The others small and well composed feature
Deserves the Title of a Pretty Creature:
And doth (or may) retaine as good a mind
As Greater men, and be as well inclin'd:

The very Old Man : or

Thus having shew'd th'extention of his Age,
I'll shew some Actions of his Pilgrimage.

A tedious time a Batchelour hee carried,
Full eightie yeares of age before he married:
His Continence, to question I'll not call,
Mans frailtie's weake, and oft doth slip and fall.
No doubt but hee in fourscore yeares might find
In *Salop's* Countie, females faire and kind :
But what have I to doe with that ; let passe,
At th'age aforesaid hee first married was
To *Iane*, *John Taylors* Daughter; and 'tis said,
That she (before he had her) was a Mayd.
With her he liv'd yeares three times ten and two,
And then she dy'd (as all good wives will doe.)
She dead, he ten yeares did a Widdower stay;
Then once more ventred in the Wedlock way:
And in affection to his first wife *Iane*,
Hee tooke another of that name againe;
(With whom he now doth live) she was a widow
To one nam'd *Anthony* (and surnam'd *Adda*)
She was (as by report it doth appeare)
Of *Gillsels* Parish, in *Montgomery-shiire*,
The Daughter of *John Lloyds* (corruptly *Flood*)
Of ancient house, and gentle *Cambrian* Blood.

But hold, I had forgot, in's first wives Time,
Hee fraily, foully, fell into a Crime,

Which

The Life of Thomas Parr.

Which richer, poorer, older men, and younger,
More base, more noble, weaker men, and stronger
Have falne into.

The *Cytherean*, or the *Papbean* game,
That thundring *Jupiter* did oft inflame;
Most cruell cut-throat *Mars* layd by his Armes,
And was a slave to Loves Inchanting charmes,
And many a Pagan god, and semi-god,
The common road of lustfull love hath trod:
For from the Emp'rour to the russet Clowne,
All states, each sex, from Cottage to the Crowne,
Have in all Ages since the first Creation,
Bin soyled, & overthrowen with Loves temptation:
So was old *Thomas*, for he chanc'd to spy
A Beauty, and Love entered at his eye,
Whose pow'rfull motion drew on sweet consent,
Consent drew Action, Action drewe Content,
But when the period of those joyes were past,
Those sweet delights were sorely sanct at last.
The flesh retaines, what in the Bone is bred,
And one Colks tooth was then in old *Tom*'s head,
It may be he was guld as some have bin,
And suffred punishment for others sinne;
For pleasures like a Trap, a grin, or snare,
Or (like a painted harlot) seemes most faire,
But when she goes away, and takes her leave,
Nongly Beast so foul a shape can have.

Fair

The very Old Man: or

Faire *Katherin Milton*, was this Beauty bright,
(Faire like an Angell, but in weight too light)
Whose fervent feature did inflame so far
The Ardent fervour of old *Thomas Parr*,
That for Lawes satisfaction, 'twas thought meet,
He should be purg'd, by standing in a Sheet,
Which aged (He) one hundred and five yeare,
In *Alberbury's* Parish Church did weare.
Should All that so offend, such Pennance doe,
Oh, what a price would Linnen rise unto,
All would be turn'd to sheets, our shirts & smocks
Our Table linnen, very Porters Frocks
Would hardly scape trans-forming, but all's one,
He suffred, and his Punishment is done.

But to proceed, more serious in Relation,
He is a Wonder, worthy Admiration,
Hee's (in thesetimes fill'd with Iniquity)
No *Amiquary*, but *Antiquity*,
For his Longevity's of such extent,
That hee's a living mortall Monument.
And as high Towres, (that scorne the sky to shoul-
By eating Time consume away, and molder, (der-
Vntill at last in piece meale they doe fall,
Till they are buried in their Ruines All
So this Old Man, his limbs their strength have left,
His teeth all gone, (but one) his sight bereft,
His

The Life of Thomas Parr.

His sinewes shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,
Small solace, Imperfections manifold:
Yet still his sp^rits possesse his mortall Trunk;
Nor are his senses in his ruines shrunk,
But that his Hearing's quicke, his stomacke good,
Hee'l feed well, sleep well, well digest his food,
Hee will speake heartily, laugh, and be merry;
Drinke Ale, and now and then a cup of Sherry;
Loves Company, and Vnderstanding talke,
And (on both sides held up) will sometimes walk.
And though old Age his face with wrinkles fill,
He hath been handsome, and is comely still,
Well fac'd, and though his Beard not oft corrected
Yet neate it growes, not like a Beard neglected.
From head to heele, his body hath all over,
A Quick-set, Thick-set naturall hairy cover.
And thus (as my dull weak Invention can)
I have Annatomiz'd this poore Old Man.

Though Age be incident to most transgressing,
Yet Time well spent, makes Age to be a blessing.
And if our studies would but daign to look,
And seriously to ponder Natures Booke,
We there may read, that Man, the noblest Creature,
By ryot and excesse doth murder Nature.
This man nere fed on deare compounded dishes,
Of Metamorphos'd beasts, fruits, fowls, and fishes.

The every Old Man or

The earth, and ayre, the boundlesse Ocean
Were never rak'd nor forrag'd for this Man
Nor ever did Physician to (his cost)
Send purging Physick through his guts in post
In all his life time he was never knowne,
That drinking others healths, he lost his owne
The Dutch, the French, the Greek, and Spanish Grape,
Vpon his reason never made a Rape,
For Ryot, is for Troy an Annagram;
And Ryot wasteth Troy, with sword and flamo;
And surely that which will a Kingdome spill,
Hath much more power one filly man to kill,
Whilst sensuality the Pallor pleases,
The body's fill'd with surfeits, and diseases
By Ryot (more than War) men slaughter'd be,
From which confusion this Old Man is free
He once was catch'd in the Venetall Sin,
And (being purg'd) did expir'de away
That carefull feare his Conscience so did strike,
He never would againe attempt the like
Which to our understandings may expresse
Mens dayes are shornd through lasciviousnesse,
And that a competent contenting Dyer
Makes men live long, and soundly sleepe in quiet
Mistake me not, I speake not to debar
Good fare of all sorts, for all Creatures are

The Life of Thomas Park.

Made for mans use, and may by Man be us'd,
 Not by voracious Gluttony abus'd.
 For hee that dares to scandalize or deprave
 Good house-keeping; Oh hang up such a Knave,
 Rather commend (what is not to be found)
 Then injure that which makes the world renowned.
 Bonny hath got a spice of Lechargie,
 And liberall noble Hospitality
 Lyes in consumption, almost pin'd to death,
 And Charity benurld, wheere out of Breath
 May England's few good house-keepers be blest
 With endlessse Glory, and eternall Rest;
 And may their Goods, Lands, and their happy Seed
 With heav'ns best Blessings multiply and breed.
 'Tis madnesse to build heigh with stone and lime,
 Great houses, that may seeme the Clouds to clime
 With spacious Halls, large Galleries, brave rooms
 Fit to receive a King, Peeres, Squires and Groomes,
 Amongst which rooms, the devill hath put a Wench
 And made a small Tobacco-bottle Kitchen
 For Concomposse the Mint of Mischief is
 And Christian Bonny the Highway to Bliss
 To weare a Parson shod-strings edg'd with gold,
 And spangled Garters with a Coppel hold
 A hose and thimble, which a Lordship cost
 A gawdy eelbake (three Marions price almost)

The ruddy Old Man: or

A Beaver, Band, and Feather for the head,
(Priz'd at the Churches tythe, the poor mans bread)
For which the Weavers are fear'd, and abhor'd
Like *Iekobams* golden Calves ador'd.

This double, treble aged man, I wot,
Knowne and remember when these things were
Good wholsome labour was his exercise, (not;
Down wth the Lamb, & with the Lark would rise,
In myse and coyling sweat hee spent the day,
And (to his Teame) hee whistled Time away,
The Cock his night Clock, and till day was done,
His Watch, and chiefe Sun-Diall, was the Sun.

Hee was of old *Pythagoras* opinion, (conion)
That greene cheefe was most wholsome (with an
Course Melchlin bread, and for his daily swig,
Milk, Butter-milk, and Water, Whay, and Whig;
Sometimes Mocheglin, and by fortune happy,
Hee sometimes sip't a Cup of Ale most nappy,
Syder, or Perry, when hee did repaire
T'a Whirson Ale, Wake, Wedding, or a Faire,
Or when in Christmas time hee was a Guest
At his good Land-lords house amongst the rest:
Else hee had little leasure Time to waste,
Or (at the Alehouse) huffe-cap Ale to taste,
Nor did hee ever hunt a Taverne Fox,
Nere knew a Coach, Tobacco, or the Pox,

His

The Life of Thomas Parr.

His Physick was good Butter, which the soyle
Of *Salop* yields, more sweet than *Candy* oyle,
And Garlick hee esteem'd above the rate
Of *Venice-Triacle*, or best *Mithridate*.
Hee entertain'd no *Gowt*, no *Ache* hee felt,
The ayre was good, and temp'rat where he dwelt,
Whilst *Mayisses*, and sweet tongu'd *Nightingales*
Did chant him *Roundelayes*, and *Madrigals*.
Thus living within bounds of *Natures Lawes*,
Of his long lasting life may be some cause.
For though th'almighty, all mans daies do measure,
And doth dispose of life and death at pleasure,
Yet Nature being wrong'd, mans dayes and date
May be abridg'd, and God may tollerate.

But had the Father of this *Thomas Parr*,
His Grand-father, and his Great grand-father,
Had their lives threds so long a length been spun,
They (by succession) might from Sire to Son
Have been unwritten *Chronicles*, and by
Tradition shew Times mutability.
Then *Parr* might say he heard his Father well,
Say that his Grand-sire heard his Father tell
The death of famous *Edward the Confessor*,
(*Harrold*) and *William* Conq'rour his successor,
How his Son *Robert* wan *Ierusalem*,
Ore-came the *Sarazens*, and Conquer'd them:

The very Old Man : or

How *Rufus* reign'd, and's Brother *Henry* next,
And how usurping *Stewen* this Kingdome vext :
How *Maud* the Emprefs (the first *Henries* daughter)
To gaine her Right, fill'd *England* full of slaughter:
Of second *Henry's* *Rosamond* the faire,
Of *Richard Cuer-de-lyon*, his brave heire,
King *John*, and of the foule fuspition
Of *Arthurs* death, *Johns* elder Brothers Son.
Of the third *Henrie's* long raigne (sixty yeares)
The Barons wars, the losse of wrangling Peeres,
How *Long-shanks* did the *Scots* & *French* conuince,
Tam'd *Wales*, and made his haples son their Prince.
How second *Edward* was *Carnarvon* call'd,
Beaten by *Scots*, and by his Queen inthrall'd,
How the third *Edward*, fifty yeares did raigne,
And t'honor'd Garters Order did ordaine.
Next how the second *Richard* liv'd and dy'd,
And how fourth *Henries* faction did divide
The Realme with civill (most uncivill) war
Twixt long contending *Torke* and *Lancaster*.
How the fift *Henry* swayd, and how his son
Sixt *Henry*, a sad Pilgrimage did run.
Then of fourth *Edward*, and faire Mistrisse *Shore*,
King *Edwards* Concubine Lord *Hastings* (——) H
Then how fift *Edward*, murdered with a trick, H
Of the third *Richard*, and then how that *Dick* H
Was

The Life of Thomas Parr.

Was by seventh *Henries* slaine at *Bosworth* field;
How he and's son th'eighth *Henry* here did wield
The Scepter; how sixt *Edward* swayd,
How *Mary* rul'd, and how that royall *Mayd*
Elizabeth did Governe (best of Dames)
And *Phenix*-like expir'd, and how just *James*
(Another *Phenix*) from her Ashes claimes
The right of *Britaines* Scepter, as his owne,
But (changing for a better) left the Crowne
Where now 'tis, with King *Charles*, and may it be
With him, and his most blest Posterity
Till time shall end; be they on Earth renown'd,
And after with Eternity be crown'd.
Thus had *Parr* had good breeding, (without re-
Hee from his sire, and Grandfires fire proceeding,
By word of mouth might tell most famous things
Done in the Reigns of all those Queens and Kings.
But hee in Husbandry hath bin brought up,
And nere did taste the *Heliconian* cup,
He nere knew History, nor in mind did keepe
Ought, but the price of Corn, Hay, Kine, or Sheep.
Day found him work, and Night allowed him rest.
Nor did Affaires of State his braine molest.
His highest Ambition was, A tree to top,
Or at the furthest to a day pole stop.
His Recreation, and his Minde's disport
Hath been the Pyper, and the Hobby-hors. And

The wry Old Man : or

And in this simple sort, hee hath with paine,
From Childhood liv'd to bee a Child againe.
'Tis strange, a man that is in yeares so growne
Should not be rich; but to the world 'tis knowne,
That hee that's borne in any Land, or Nation,
Vnder a Twelve-pence Planet's Domination,
(By working of that Planets influence)
Shall never live to be worth thirteene pence.
Whereby (although his Learning cannot show it)
Hee's rich enough to be (like mee) a Poet.

But er'e I doe conclude, I will relate
Of reverend Age's Honourable state;
Where shall a young man good Instructions have,
But from the Ancient, from Experience grave?
Roboam, (Sonne and Heire to *Solomon*)
Rejecting ancient Counsell, was undone
Almost; for ten of the twelve Tribes fell
To *Jeroboam* King of *Israel*.
And all wise Princes, and great Potentates
Select and chuse Old men, as Magistrates,
Whose Wisedome, and whose reverend Aspect,
Knowes how and when to punish or protect.
The Patriarkes long lives before the Flood,
Were given them (as 'tis rightly understood)
To store and multiply by procreations,
That people should inhabit and breed Nations.
That

The Life of Thomas Parr.

That th'Ancients their Posterities might show
The secrets Deepe of Nature, how to know
To scale the skie with learn'd *Astronomy*,
And sound the *Oceans* deepe profundity;
But chiefly how to serve, and to obey
God, who did make them out of slime and clay;
Should men live now, as long as they did then,
The Earth could not sustaine the Breed of Men.
Each man had many wives, which Bigamie,
Was such increase to their Posterity,
That one old man might see before he dy'd,
That his owne only off-spring had supply'd
And Peopled Kingdomes.

But now so brittle's the estate of man,
That (in Comparison) his life's a span.
Yet since the Flood it may be proved plaine,
That many did a longer life retaine,
Than him I write of; for *Arpachshad* liv'd
Foure hundred thirty eight, *Shelah* surviv'd
Foure hundred thirty three yeares, *Eber* more,
For he liv'd twice two hundred sixty foure.
Two hundred yeares *Terah* was alive,
And *Abr'ham* liv'd one hundred seventy five.
Before *Iob's* Troubles, holy writ relates,
His sons and daughters were at marriage states,
And after his restoring, 'tis most cleare,

The very Old Man: or

That he surviv'd one hundred forty yeare.

John Buttadeus (if report be true)

Is his name that is stil'd, *The Wandring Jew*;

'Tis said, he saw our Saviour dye; and how

He was a man then, and is living now;

Whereof Relations you (that will) may reade;

But pardon me, 'tis no part of my Creed.

Vpon a *Germanes* Age, 'tis written thus,

That one *Iohannes de Temporibus*

Was Armour-bearer to brave *Charlemaigne*,

And that unto the age he did attaine

Of yeares three hundred sixty one, and then

Old *John of Times* return'd to Earth agen.

And Noble *Nestor*, at the siege of *Troy*,

Had liv'd three hundred yeares both Man and boy.

Sir Walter Rawleigh (a most learned Knight)

Doth of an *Irish* Countesse, *Desmond*, write,

Of seven score yeares of Age, he with her spake:

The Lord Saint *Albanes* doth more mention make

That she was Married in Fourth *Edwards* raigne,

Thrice shed her Teeth, which three times came a-

The *High-land Scots* and the *Wilde-Irish* are gaine.

Long liv'd with Labour hard, and temperate fare.

Amongst the Barbarous *Indians* some live strong

And lusty, neere two hundred winters long?

So as I said before, my Verse now sayes

By wronging Nature, men cut off their dayes.

The Life of Thomas Parr.

Therefore (as Times are) He I now write on,
The age of all in *Britano* hath out gone;
~~All~~ those that were alive when he had Birth,
Are turn'd againe unto their mother earth,
If any of them live, and doe replye,
I will be sorry, and confesse I lye.
For had he bin a *Marchant*, then perhaps
Stormes, Thunderclaps, or feare of Afterclaps,
Sands, Rocks, or Roving Pyrats, Gusts and stormes
Had made him (long ere this) the food of worms.
Had he a *Mercer*, or a *Silk-man* bin,
And trusted much in hope great gaine to win,
And late and early striv'd to get or save,
His Gray head long ere now had been ith Grave.
Or had he been a *Iudge* or *Magistrate*,
Or of Great Counsell in Affaires of state
Then dayes important businesse, and nights cares
Had long ere this, Interr'd his hoary haire:
But as I writ before, no cares opprest him,
Nor ever did Affaires of State molest him.
Some may object, that they will not believe
His Age to be so much, for none can give
Account thereof, Time being past so far,
And at his Birth there was no Register.
The Register was ninty seven yeares since
Giv'n by th'eight *Henry* (that *Illustrious Prince*)